

THE
PICTURE.
A NOVEL. *2. P. 10*

BY THE
MISS MINIFIES,
Of Fairwater in Somersetshire;

Authors of the History of Lady FRANCES
S—, and Lady CAROLINE S—.

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THE
BIG TUB

A NOVEL

BY
MISS M. T. T.

OF THE

OF THE

VOL. II



THE
PICTURE.

CHAPTER I.

O! stupid stuff! some females may exclaim;
This once was said, and truly might again;
For should our printer misapply a word,
Again they'd sneer, and call it most absurd;
But not in him! No! 'tis the Author's blame,
Then turn the leaf to stigmatize our fame.

W. HEN riches are taken
from those whose ultimate felicity is placed in
their possession, they may be said
at one blow to lose every enjoy-

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ment; — all after is distasteful — disregarded. — On the other hand we see some who, losing their wealth, do not add to their affliction by perpetual uneasiness, despair and repining. — Of this last class was Mrs. Berkley, whose character, if our reader has forgot, let him refresh his memory by turning to the 14th and 15th chapters of our first volume, where he will likewise be reminded, that she waited only the death of an old relation to regain part of that affluence lost through a series of unfortunate events. — Providence saw, approved, and rewarded her resignation; — of this reward, Mrs. Stanley's protection and regard was not the least. — From the first moment

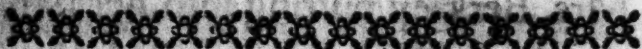


ment of her arrival at Rose-Hill, she had been made independent even of her benefactress — and in a manner so delicate as need not have tinged the cheek of nobility with a blush, having forced on her acceptance a deed by which she was annually intitled to three hundred pounds. — But now the time was come when Mrs. Berkeley was to receive the full recompence of fortune. — A messenger arrived with letters from the steward of her relation, by whose death, which happened at that crisis, she was intitled to an entailed estate of nine hundred pounds a year, besides which he had bequeathed her some considerable sums, a pleasant seat, and a

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large quantity of rich furniture; —which last acquisitions were altogether unexpected, having had no correspondence with him for many years—The smiles of fortune were received with the same degree of calmness as its frowns;—for neither was she too much elevated by the one, or depressed by the other.—Having dismissed the messenger, she went to seek Mrs. Stanley, and found her sitting alone in her closet.—I come, madam, said she, presenting the deed which we have before mentioned, with a smile of gratitude and affection, to return a present which your bounty forced upon me.—How! has my behaviour merited this unkindness? said Mrs. Stanley.

Stanley, starting with surprise,—
Mrs. Berkley putting into her hand
the steward's letter, replied thus:
—My obligations are of a nature
not to be cancelled ;—let me be
still your pensioner ;— but let my
pension be a continuance of that
confidence in which I have long
been honoured.—Having read the
contents, Mrs. Stanley, with joy
boundless as her esteem, embraced
her in the most affectionate man-
ner, and vowed an eternal friend-
ship.



C H A P. II.

Tho' little interesting this chapter seems,
It bears analogy to future scenes.

MR. Howard was a great admirer of Mrs. Berkley, and rejoiced in this acquisition to her fortune; so did the young ladies, though they still believed her to have been always possessed of affluence, and their generous benefactress.—Having many affairs which required her presence at Hampton-Lodge, the name of her new seat, situated in the most delightful part of Derbyshire, Mrs. Stanley, who saw her regret at the thoughts

thoughts of parting, proposed accompanying her thither for a few weeks. — From this expedition Emily and Louisa foresaw such an immensity of satisfaction, that we have heard them both declare, that for several nights before the important morn came, in which they were to begin their journey, expectation kept them sleepless. — To render it more agreeable Mr. Howard, who declined making one of the party, prevailed on them to visit several fine buildings lying near the road, and, amongst others, named lord Easley's, as the most remarkable. — Every thing was prepared for their departure with great expedition, and

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in a few days they began their tour.

The method of travelling laid down by Mr. Howard, afforded our young villagers a scene perfectly new and entertaining; — whilst the curiosities of nature, and the productions of genius, gave them frequent opportunities of displaying fresh proofs of an amazing taste and judgment. —

On the second day they came within a mile of lord Easley's seat; — a servant was dispatched before, to know if they might be permitted to take a view of the inside, always observing the same method

thod when passing any house worthy of their observation. — The custom of shewing them beginning at this time to be a good deal abolished in the north — their servant soon returned with this message from the house-keeper :— That she had received orders from his lordship to admit no company but such as had his ticket — However, as the ladies came so long a journey she would venture to oblige them ; — which words being literally translated, signify no other than that she would oblige herself with the gratuity common on such occasions. — Alighting at the outer gate, a porter throwing open the great doors, evinced what were

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his expectations by the extreme slowness of his bow. — They next ascended an immense flight of steps, and at the entrance of the house, were met by the house-keeper, a decent elderly woman; — by her they were conducted through a magnificent range of apartments, she taking great pains to explain from whence such such curiosities were brought — how long they had been in her lord's possession, — who presented them, — or from whom purchased. — These explanatory particulars having taken up a considerable time, she was just giving them to the care of the gardener, who stood waiting at the gate to attend them through his

terri-

territories, when Emily was observed to be missing: — Mrs. Stanley seeing the door of another room open, imagined she might be there, stepped back, and found it a little library which had been passed over in surveying so many other splendid apartments. — Here then she found her daughter, — but found her with her attention so profoundly fixed on a picture which stood over the chimney, that she might be said at that moment to have resembled a fine statue of the goddess Contemplation: — At the entrance of Mrs. Stanley and the other ladies, she started from her *Reverie*, and stepping to the former, cried out with emotion—

Ah !

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Ah! madam, had not chance brought me hither, we had lost this most charming representation:—Saying which, she took her by the hand, and drew her nearer to the picture.—

CHAP.



CHAPTER III.

What host hangs out a pompous sign
 Of sherry, brandy, rum and wine,
 Without wine, brandy, rum and sherry,
 As sign foretells, to make guests merry:
 Our sign the picture even so,
 Observe, you'll find it a propos.

IN this picture were two principal figures, the one a fine old man with silver locks, which seemed to inspire veneration; the other, a beautiful youth in whose arms he was supported. — Miss Stanley observed, that but for their position, they might have been taken for Mentor and Telemachus.

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machus. — You say right, my dear, returned Mrs. Berkley. — Observe, continued she, pointing to the young man, — what nobleness in his air! what majesty! what sweetness! what expression in his looks! — If the countenance be an index of the soul, in his I read every godlike virtue of that hero. — Mrs. Stanley, turning to the housekeeper, begged to know for whom it was intended. — The woman replied, that it was occasioned by a very extraordinary accident, adding, if the ladies would please to repose themselves, she would readily relate the circumstances; — though, continued she, I know them only from report, as it happened three years since, and
I have

I have lived only one in my lord's family.—In compliance with her request her fair audience placed themselves opposite the picture, which they kept continually in their eyes, whilst their ears were agreeably entertained with the following particulars.

That old man, ladies, said their informant, served my present lord and his father, in the capacity of a butler upwards of forty years; in which office he behaved so well that my lord always used to call him his faithful Isaac:—It happened that his lordship was one and twenty, three years since, on which event the house was filled with nobility, and orders were
given

given for the cellar doors to be thrown open, that the poor as well as rich might rejoice on the occasion.—In short, ladies, Mr. Isaac made himself so merry with pledging his lord's health, that going out to take the fresh air, his foot slipped, and he fell into a very deep river. — In this situation he must have perished; but a friend of my lord, passing that instant in his way hither, had goodness enough to plunge in and bring him to the bank, where, ladies, in that picture you may see him supporting the old man in his arms;—nor would he suffer any care to be taken of himself, till he had seen him restored to life, being brought back to the house
half

half expiring.—This piece of humanity had like to have cost him dear, for soon after he was taken ill of a dangerous fever; — and when my lord expressed his fear that it was owing to this accident, — he replied, — that man is not worthy of life who would not risque it in the preservation of a fellow creature.——

Unperceived even by herself, tears of admiration filled the charming eyes of Emily.—Louisa's in sparkling transports spoke her approbation.—Both were silent;— and both silently applauded an act of that humanity in another, which from their most early infancy had been familiar to themselves.—

Mrs.

Mrs. Stanley having made the language of the eyes her study, in order to discover when the virtues or passions were most predominant in the minds of her pupils, was pleased, to see on this occasion such warm and tender sensibility; for theirs being perfectly intelligent, as perfectly she understood them.—

These, ladies, said the good woman, who seemed happy in their attention, are the particulars which occasioned that picture.— Mrs. Stanley then enquired, by whom it was executed, and the name of the young gentleman.— As for the first, she informed her,

it was done by one of her lord's friends who was on a visit to him when the affair happened,—but in regard to the latter, she could give no intelligence.—

Mrs. Stanley looking at her watch, declared it would be too late to take any but a cursory view of the gardens.—This hint was understood by Mrs. Berkley, who, for reasons with which our readers are acquainted, always distributed her friend's liberality, with which their obliging conductress had great reason to be satisfied.—Just as they were leaving the room, she asked pardon for having omitted one circumstance,

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stance, which was that the butler at his death left the young gentleman two thousand pounds, which legacy he soon after ordered to be returned amongst his poor relations. — This last instance raised him greatly in their esteem; and quite enraptured with his character, they pursued their journey, in the remainder of which, not all the masterly paintings they saw, could efface from their memories the pleasing portraits of old Isaac and his generous preserver. —

Here, candid reader, give us leave to conclude our chapter with a few poetical questions and one short remark.

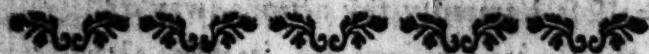
Has

Has soft humanity thy actions sway'd?
Hast thou its pleasures felt, its voice obey'd?
Did e'er thy manly breast a sorrow know,
Which pierc'd it deep, and that for others
 woe?

In thee does mis'ry ever boast a friend?
Does to her plaints thy ready ear attend?

If, O reader, thy heart answers
these queries in the affirmative,
thou wilt also allow the justness of
this observation, — That next to
being the author of a beneficent
action, is the pleasure of being told
it of another.

CHAP.



CHAP. IV.

Our journey o'er, our damsels hearty,
The morning fair, their souls serene;
They venture out on roving party,
Where strange adventures close the scene:

AS this is not intended for a book of travels with descriptions of towns, churches, &c. Waving all such particulars, we shall set our company down at Hampton Lodge.—Neither fatigued with the conversation of each other, or out of humour with the extreme heat, dusty roads, and horrid accommodations at inns.

inns. — Misfortunes which generally attend the fair sex, when they venture ten stages from their own hotels! —

Mrs. Berkley on her first arrival having many necessary matters to settle, the time which she spent in her affairs, was passed by her visitors in admiring every thing that appeared curious, either in the house or gardens, which without being magnificent were elegantly uniform. — The duke of —'s ancient castle, situated scarce a mile from the lodge, was what most attracted their observation. — They would gladly have visited this supposed edifice, but being informed the family were still

there, as also several noblemen, who with the marquis were just arrived, they contented themselves with a view of the outside, taken from a rising ground a few paces from the lodge.—One day miss Stanley and her cousin determined to inspect the castle at a less distance.—For this purpose, rising with the lark, and attended by a servant, they sallied forth,—not in quest of adventures, though chance directed them where they were witnesses of something very like one.—Returning home arm in arm, Emily complained she was fatigued, and proposed resting themselves on a tree which was hewn down by the side of a wood belonging to the castle.— Thus
situ-

situated, their attendant waiting at a distance, and they conversing in the unbounded confidence of friendship, their chat was interrupted by voices within the wood.

—Miss Stanley was rising with some tokens of timidity; but Miss Orey not quite so timid drew her back, saying in a low whisper,—for heaven's sake, if you love me, let us listen.—and as the sound then came nearer, she held up her finger to impose silence.—What do you ask me, my lord? was uttered with a composed voice.—What I must know, by heavens! was answered hastily.—Consider my lord, returned the other, my engagements to her ladyship,—to her father,—to her family;—why

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then will you insist on knowing if she loves me?—Forgive me, dear Harry, was replied; if I must be miserable, keep me no longer in suspense.—Suppose I tell you that she loves, returned the other;—He was here interrupted in a voice scarce articulate,—Utter not that word, as you value my eternal peace. — And then in one of greater mildness,—can the man who risk'd his own to save the life of my domestic—can he offer a dagger to my breast?—ah! added he, in a tone quite suppliant, think it is your friend,—your Easley who implores you to resign lady Lydia.

CHAP.



C H A P. V.

Where merit mounted on the wings of fame,
 The fair and virtuous deeds of man proclaim;
 The sound we catch, admire, approve,
 An admiration near a kin to love;
 Else why that absence Emily betray'd?
 Why blush? why hesitates the conscious maid?

THE name of lord Easley, the
 mention of his domestic, a-
 wakened their curiosity; what
 then must be their disappoint-
 ment, when they found the voices
 at too great a distance for them
 to follow!—Rising to pursue their
 walk, they had not gone three
 hundred yards, when two gen-
 tlemen,

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tlemen, each with a gun in his
 hand, appeared at an opening in
 the wood.—At first sight they
 were convinced of what they had
 before surmised, and Louisa, see-
 ing them strike into another path,
 cried out, it is as we suspected,—
 it is the preserver of old Isaac.—
 Lord Easley's words,—the likeness
 which is preserved in every feature,
 makes it past a doubt.—Now would
 I give the universe, continued she, to
 know how matters were decided;
 for to me it appears, both himself
 and friend are in love with the same
 object.—Was I this Lady Lydia,
 I know which I would prefer.—
 Not but my lord Easley's person
 is extremely graceful—What say
 you, Emily, which would be your
 choice?

choice? why don't you answer?
 —Thus was she running on, when
 Miss Stanley starting from a pro-
 found thoughtfulness: — Pardon
 me, Louisa, said she with great
 innocence, — what said you? — I
 protest I heard it not. — Not hear
 me, returned she, where the deuce,
 my dear, are your thoughts ro-
 ving? — To tell you the plain truth,
 they were at lord Easley's, replied
 Emily. — Rather with him, said
 she, smiling archly, — Your servant
 my sweet coz. — So I find, should
 I loose my heart to the other,
 there is no chance of your being
 my rival. — Indeed I don't know
 that, replied she, blushing; you
 wrest the meaning of my words,
 to make them conformable to your

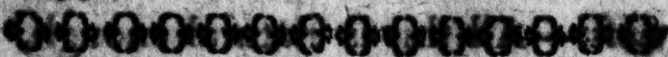
own wishes.—Nay, I am sure you said, returned Louisa.—I said, continued Miss Stanley, interrupting her, and say again, that my thoughts were at Lord Easley's, and not with him;—when I appeared absent, I was recollecting what had been told us of that other, I am sorry we don't know his name.—Suppose we call him Harry, said Louisa, we know that belongs to him.—Well then my dear, replied miss Stanley, I was reflecting on Harry's, if you will have me give him that appellation, humanity, tenderness and generosity.—This naturally led me to consider, what pain it must give a heart so formed, to be not only a witness, but even
 TWO A D the

the cause of his friend's unhappiness.—All this is natural enough, said Louisa, as they entered the house which by this time they had reached, and found the ladies waiting breakfast for them.—

FULL of their morning ramble, every particular was related at the tea table, and they had just finished their supping, when the two gentle- men went by; that is Lord Hally and his, whom after their example we shall call Harry.—Canonry was predominant, its influence remarkable.—They all left their chairs and fled to the window to see the original, then advanced

B 5

CHAP.



C H A P. VI.

Ever roving, never knowing
 What he does, or where he's going;
 Purlind chance, our heroes meeting,
 Sends them back, good readers, greeting.

FULL of their morning ramble,
 every particular was related
 at the tea table, and they
 had just finished their surprising
 discovery, when the same gentle-
 men went by; that is, lord Easley
 and he, whom after their example
 we shall call Harry. — Curiosity
 was predominant, its impulses ir-
 resistible. — They all left their
 chairs, and fled to the window
 to see the original of their admired
 picture;

picture; and has found as they were passed, in both Mrs. Stanley and Mrs. Berkley acknowledged they had never seen so perfect a Resemblance. The latter ever studying the pleasures of her beloved guests, proposed going that Evening to a play at —, a small town four miles from the lodge. — I am told, said she, Romeo and Juliet is to be acted for the benefit of one of the principal performers, some of whom are tolerable; that the house is not bad, and often honoured with many genteel families; so that on this occasion I may expect to see something of the neighbourhood in which I am to settle. Besides, proceeded she, we have another inducement, the
 B 6 moon

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moon is full, and there can be no danger in our retreating late.—The eyes of Emily and Louisa were instantly directed to Mrs. Stanley seconding this proposal with their most insinuating eloquence.—That lady only held back her assent, to try if they would catch at pleasure with an unbecoming eagerness, when finding them quite silent, applied to these interpreters of their wishes, and immediately consented.—Her intention in giving them a private education, was not to root from their minds the love of innocent amusements, only that they should consider them as the relaxations, not as the business of Life.—A love of admiration, if guided by prudence, she would

would call a laudable desire of pleasing.—A love of dress, if not carried to an extreme, as promotive of that end.—Again, she despised vanity, yet declared, a certain degree of pride the greatest dignifier of the sex.—By which method it may be observed, she rather strove to refine than eradicate what are commonly called faults and foibles, making them not only subservient, but even necessary to the virtues.—From such instructions, they were taught to set off their natural graces, by a sprightliness without levity, dress without affectation: And we dare say, it will not be thought at all inconsistent with their artless simplicity, that against this evening they

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they had taken more than common care to appear exquisitely lovely.

Should any of our readers imagine it proceeded from vanity or ostentation, we would advise them not to proceed with us to the play-house; for though they may not themselves know the nature of their disorder, we declare it to be envy; and further, if they persist in following us thither, they must feel the keen gnawing of that vulture more excruciating.

CHAP.

through the multitude.—With the

having conducted them to a box

CHAP. VII.

and at one view recollected the
Suppose great Quixote's arm high pois'd in air,
With windmill knight exchanging spear for
spear.

Suppose, whilst hard essaying and essay'd,
Some damsel, sore distress'd, had sought his aid;
Doubtless he would have flown to save the fair,
Their tender beauties are the hero's care.

THEY found the house so much
crowded, that having got just
within the door, it was impossible
for them either to return or go for-
ward.—A gentleman who had seen
our distressed damsels, came to
their relief, but not without much
elbowing and rhetoric, both which
he was obliged to use in his passage
through

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through the multitude.—With the same, or rather greater difficulty, having conducted them to a box, the ladies turned to thank him, and at one view recollected the humane friend of lord Easley.—

During the performance, the attention of every spectator seemed fixed on our heroines, who were entered so deeply into the representation of the two suffering lovers, as neither to see the glances, or hear the whispers, which they attracted from every quarter.— Amongst all who appeared to admire them, their conductor was the most conspicuous.—He gazed with transport,—he seized every interval to entertain, and when the
play

play was concluded, requested the honour of leading them to their coach.—Miss Stanley, as soon as he had taken his leave, looked out of the side glass, to admire, as she imagined, the clearness of the evening, when to her great surprise she saw him speaking to one of their servants.—Quite unused to art or disguise, she acquainted them with this incident.—Mrs. Stanley, who had not passed unnoticed his compliments to her daughter, was no sooner got to a small distance, than she drew the string, at which summons the same servant came to receive her orders; finding, on enquiry, several questions had been asked him, such as her name, where

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where she lived, whether the young ladies were her daughters, and how long she had been in that county.——Whatever were now her suspicions, she carefully concealed them, and our little company returned to the lodge in the greatest harmony of spirits.

Emily the next morning being restless and uneasy, left Luois sleeping, and retired into the garden.—She took for her companion that play in which the preceding evening she had been so highly interested, and after reading it through returned into the house.

None

None of the family were yet come from their apartments; she threw up a window, which was low, to enjoy the cool breezes of the morning, and began to sing and play with a grace the most enchanting.—Her soul imperceptibly softened by the Poet's masterly representation of distressed love,—music added to that softness,—her skill inimitable,—her complexion dazzling,—her voice naturally melodious, accompanied with a more than usual sweetness,—the dove-like mildness in her eye;—her air the most melting;—her notes, her words, were all adapted to the present tenderness of her sentiments.—In this ravishing attitude she
 thought

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thought herself free from observation, but was undeceived by this sudden exclamation from a voice not unwelcome — Ah! Easley, take lady Lydia, but give me, heaven, this most perfect of thy creatures:—She rose to leave the room, covered with confusion.—Transported with admiration the enraptured Harry prayed, nay, even kneeled, to prevent her design.—A secret emotion, a tender inclination, would have betrayed her; but considering such an inclination as stepping from that amiable reserve which she had made her standard, she retired precipitately, and ran to hide her sensibility in the bosom of Louisa.—

Miss

Miss Orey had penetration above her years, saw the situation of her cousin's heart, and finding her resolved not to conceal what had past from her Mother, or Mrs. Berkley, highly approved and strengthened her resolutions.—

CHAP.



C H A P. VIII.

Read, mark, retain, in cases of advice :
Be cautious, tender, delicate and nice.

EMILY's conduct was approved with the most flattering praises;—Mrs. Stanley, amidst a thousand caresses, requested she would always preserve to them the same degree of confidence.—Concealment; said this most excellent woman, may be called a devouring canker that eats through the heart, a passage for the most destructive passions :—— Besides, concealment is the child of suspicion,

cion, therefore, had you hid even your secret inclinations from a parent and a friend, it would have been tacitly confessing you thought us treacherous and unworthy.—In laying open your heart, you need not blush at the contents.—Nothing have you revealed which will not stand the purest ray of virtue.—All spotless, all innocent, is the heart of my Emily.—Miss Stanley's eyes sparkled at these marks of approbation from a parent she revered; but observing her mother had not yet done, she continued silent.—As for the young gentleman who has occasioned this conversation, I would not have my good girl suppose his behaviour either this morning, or last night

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night at the play, proceeded from any serious attachment. — His acquaintance, his appearance, his education, speak him of distinction; and men of rank seldom make such declarations but in ridicule, sometimes with a worse design. — To their addresses prudence forbids that we should listen, even if our birth and fortune are not very inferior : — How much more indiscreet when our situations are so widely different that we cannot receive them but as an insult to our virtue. — Accident has pre-possessed us in his favour, convinced us he has humanity and generosity; but ah ! my dear, the most unamiable minds sometimes produce fair and lovely actions ; — though christian,
vir-

tues cannot dwell where the mortal ones are not ; it is far from being impossible that the latter should spring up amidst the thorns of vice and irreligion.——

Besides, my love, continued she, the person of whom we now speak, has been, perhaps, is still attached to lady Lydia :—What you overheard him say is a sufficient evidence ; therefore let us suppose him possessed of a soul faultless as his person, you of a fortune that would make such an alliance practicable, where are your hopes of felicity with a man whom a prior engagement has devoted to another, — another who undoubtedly loves him ? — Did he not partly

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acknowledge it to lord Easley?—
 Suppose I tell you she loves, said
 he.—What could he mean but to
 arm his friend for a fuller disco-
 very of lady Lydia's sentiments.—
 Thus, my dear, have I placed, in
 every light it will admit of, the
 affair which now engages us; I
 I hope every thing from your duty;
 I expect every thing from your
 discretion.—Emily arose, and, with
 unspeakable grace, folded her
 arms, whiter than the jessamine,
 about her mother, promising never
 to depart from her instructions.—

Ah! what a deity is love! de-
 ceitful himself, he teaches others
 to deceive.—Poor Emily had pro-
 mised to be all obedience; to have

no concealments; in which laudable intentions we must do her the justice to think she was sincere. — But, alas! that flame which we really believe was lighted at the picture in lord Hasley's library, was inextinguishable; harbouring in her bosom the idea of him she determined to forget, was her first deviation; her second, that of concealing the weakness she could not conquer. — Yet hold! let not our charitable reader drop his book to exclaim: Gods! what a falling off! for we do aver her motives for disguise, exalt, rather than abase. — Art was not used to carry on any sinister design with greater privacy, but to gain time

for that victory which she hoped to obtain over her inclinations.—

However, the mask was not so thick, or well contrived, but Mrs. Stanley could see through it, and was too good a judge of the human heart to be displeased at its natural unavoidable emotions.

CHAP.



C H A P. IX.

Cupid, 'midst danger and alarms,
 Contrives to bless our lovers arms
 With beauty's most refulgent charms.

O! deep fines, O! cunning, shameful
 art,

This mischievous physician of the heart,
 Pretends to heal, yet aggravates the smart.

MRS. Stanley, in the gentle words of advice, the chanel thro' which all her commands were conveyed; having forbid her daughter from encouraging any thoughts of lord Easley's friend, fancied such a restriction might be attended with some degree of pain; to dissipate which, she proposed

making another visit to the neighbouring town, where they had past the last evening, and to spend an hour or two at a genteel card-meeting, which happened to be held on that day.—From the time they sat out, she had watched every turn in Emily's countenance, and saw without surprise, that a sudden thoughtfulness would sometimes overcloud her most cheerful moments.—They were returning from this little excursion, when Miss Orey looking out to observe the setting sun, saw one of the wheels going to leave its axle,—gave a scream, and had scarce time to draw in her head, before they were levelled with the dirt. — Several gentlemen with—

within sight, when the accident happened, galloped to their assistance, and whilst their retinue supported the carriage (which was soon lifted from the ground) some went on one side and some on another, to help the ladies.—There were two pressing eagerly at the same time for the hand of Emily; one of whom, (notwithstanding her fright) she immediately recollected, and was glad of any pretence to hide that embarrassment into which his presence had thrown her.—Having seized her hand, with a look of tender solicitude; the other, who seemed to have his full compliment of claret, pushed him rudely back, swore he should purchase that honour

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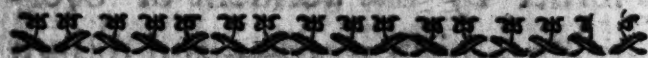
with his blood ; and drawing his sword, called upon him to do the same. — What a sight for Miss Stanley ! the roses forsook her cheeks ; she gave a loud cry, and fainted. — How shall we recount the scene of confusion which followed the ladies, weeping over the lifeless Emily ? — Her lover supporting her in his arms, in almost as deplorable a condition — her eyes closed ; his, distractedly fixed upon her face ; rage, despair and tenderness painted in them. — His reeling antagonist swearing for satisfaction — The other gentlemen running some one way and some another for water. — In the midst of this consternation, he, who

who occasioned it mounted his horse, and galloped towards the castle. — In passing Louisa, he stared her in the face, made a low bow, and swore, had he seen that pretty creature sooner, he hardly should have contended for the other. — This compliment was quite lost on Miss Orey, who was wholly absorb'd in endeavours for her cousin's recovery, which was at length effected. — She looked round her terrified. — Not seeing him she dreaded, in a voice all harmony, assured them, she was perfectly restored, at which, every one expressed their joy, particularly he, whose breath seemed to revive with hers. — Congratulations and

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acknowledgments over a servant, signified that the wheel was securely replaced.—Mrs. Stanley, in a whisper, bid him distribute two guineas amongst the servants, and repeating her thanks, was led by one of the gentlemen to her coach, whilst two others did the same by Mrs. Berkley and Louisa.—We presume it is not difficult to guess who was Emily's conductor.—He said nothing, his eyes spoke much; —He pressed her hand, he raised it to his lips with an involuntary emotion, and did not perhaps attribute the warm blush that overspread her face, either to contempt or anger.—The ladies bow'd, the coach drove on.—Miss Stanley ingeniously

geniously accounted for her late disorder by the accident of overturning—high words—and drawn swords—Which all believed, or else pretended to believe.



C H A P. X.

Forbear to search that hidden cell
Where truth mysterious loves to dwell :
But, should'st thou our good counsel shun,
We'll boldly venture ten to one,
Some ignis fatuus does betray,
And turn thy steps another way.

THE next morning whilst they were at breakfast, a servant entered the room, and giving Mrs. Stanley a sealed note, said, the duke's chariot waited to carry her to the castle. — The ladies looked on each other with astonishment. — Emily's face was expressive of more than amazement. —

Mrs.

Mrs. Stanley observed it ; — She read the note, desired they would not be alarmed, for that a former acquaintance, who was visiting at the castle, hearing she was so near, and being greatly indisposed, pressed to see her instantly. — This she asserted with so much composure, that none but Mrs. Berkley doubted of its sincerity. — Without staying to make any addition to her dress which was only a morning dishabille, she left the room, and was followed by Mrs. Berkley. — That lady returned in a few minutes, and observing the weather was remarkably fine, proposed a walk, to which her fair pupils readily consented. — Under pretence
of

of viewing several pleasant woods and pieces of water, she kept them engaged near two hours.—When they came back to the lodge, Mrs. Stanley met them with a very visible pleasure on her countenance, tho' it was full as visible that she had been in tears.—Again Emily caught the alarm, and running to her, cried out, ah! madam, something has happened both to please and distress you.—You are right, my dear, returned she;—The first proceeds from having embraced a friend I much esteem.—Ask no questions,—you will one day know with how great reason.—This was enough to stop all further enquiries.—Louisa, who had taken hold

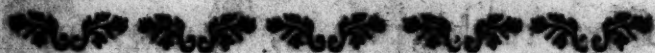
hold of her hand, beg'd she would not keep them in suspense, as to the cause of her concern.—We must leave our good Mrs. Berkley, continued she, this very day.—This very day, madam? repeated the trembling Emily;—This very day, madam? eccho'd Louisa—You amaze me, said her friend, affecting surprize,—why this sudden, this unkind resolution? Call it not unkind, we shall leave you with regret.—I know your presence is so necessary here, that it is impossible we can expect your company at so short a notice.—But if you permit, we will take your coach for our conveyance to Rose-Hill.—Mrs. Berkley could only repeat

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repeat her astonishment;—The young ladies continued silent, waiting an explanation.—The strongest ties of gratitude, pursued she, call us thither.—Mr. Howard has not been well.—It is he who calls for the presence of my children.—Will they not fly to receive the blessing of so revered, so beloved an instructor?—Here she ended,—both melted into tears.—In their grateful haste to pay a last duty to a dying benefactor, Emily forgot that passion which a moment before engrossed her whole soul.—Mrs. Stanley, before they sat out, wrote lady Stanley of her intentions to be in town the next month, and likewise lady Edmon-ton, but to the former only discovered
ed

ed why she intended it; which, if our reader pleases, he may suppose a desire of drawing her daughter's thoughts from a certain object, by the attractive pleasures of splendor and dissipation.

CHAP.



C H A P. XL

For mysteries we can't explain,
Our former motto serves again.

NOTHING could be more affecting than the manner in which Emily and Louisa took leave of their supposed benefactress, kissing her hand and testifying their gratitude for every imaginary obligation. Mrs. Berkley could scarce support their acknowledgments, and might have betrayed Mrs. Stanley, but was withheld by a look perfectly intelligent.— A thousand times she embraced
them

them, and after numberless endearments on all sides, they parted.—Emily, as they drove by the castle, giving a last look, relinquished every hope of seeing again its agreeable inhabitant, to which, perhaps, the idea of lady Lydia not a little contributed. Considering the melancholy occasion of their journey, they travelled very leisurely.—What was still more strange, Mrs. Stanley seemed to have forgot that occasion; entertaining her young companions with a vivacity reserved from the most distant sorrow.—When within a short mile of Rose-Hill, she appeared in a deep meditation, and of a sudden drawing the string, ordered that the coach should stop
at

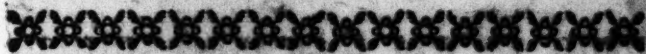
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at Mr. Howard's; telling them, they should remain in it whilst she stepped to his apartment, that his spirits may not suffer a too great surprise.—Here then we shall set her down; but what will our reader say, when we tell him she discovered no sign of astonishment at finding the good old gentleman walking in his garden, in perfect health and spirits?—We know not if he felt most of surprise or pleasure at her unexpected appearance; but the former subsided, when informed of the artifice she had used, and her motives for using it, all which he very highly approved.—We should be sincerely glad, could we give our readers an opportunity to do the
same

same; but as we are not possessed with a spirit of divination, it is impossible for us to discover a transaction conducted with so profound secrecy.—Mr. Howard expressed the utmost impatience to embrace his pupils, whose haste to visit him in his supposed illness, filled his eyes with tears, his heart with unutterable affection. — Mrs. Stanley went herself to conduct them to him, saying, by the way, how great was her surprise to find his health so soon and perfectly restored. — They in reality feeling that amazement which she had feigned, might have entertained some suspicion, if pleasure at this account had not overpowered reflection.—The gout having in their

their absence paid his feet a short visit, they were easily persuaded to credit whatever was now told them of the sudden turns in that disorder.

CHAP



C H A P. XII.

Suppose that joy o'ertakes us by surprize ;
It mounts spontaneous to our hearts and eyes
Suppose, at distance, we that joy have seen ?
We feel its ray, but feel it more serene ;
Expect a pleasure you its force destroy,
'Tis expectation blunts the edge of joy.

A Fortnight after their return,
Mrs. Stanley received letters
from her friends to say they would
meet her twenty miles from Lon-
don, to conduct her thither ; in
consequence of which, she imme-
diately fixed a day for beginning
her journey ; but had not yet
made Emily and Louisa acquaint-
ed

ted with her intentions.—Coming in from a morning walk, they went, as was their usual custom, to make some addition to their dress; when Miss Stanley removing a ruffle, that lay on the dressing table, discovered under it, a letter directed to herself.—See! Louisa, said she, what in the name of wonder have we here!—Its contents are weighty, replied Miss Orey; open it, whatever they are I claim a moiety.—Agreed, returned she, breaking the seal, when out dropped,—guess O! reader! it was not money, it was not jewels, but a fine resemblance in miniature of the amiable Harry.—Letter, picture, all fell from the trembling hand of Miss Stanley.— Louisa quite

quite aghast, could only exclaim,
 —Heavens! what do I see?—
 Where am I?—What enchant-
 ment brought it hither?—Her fair
 speechless motionless cousin, neither
 hearing or answering her interro-
 gations, she put the picture again
 into her hand, and applied to the
 billet for information;—the con-
 tents of which still plunged them
 into greater amazement.

—Mrs. Stanley deceives you,—
 she is not indigent,—neither are
 you dependant.—You owe no ad-
 vantages to the bounty of a stran-
 ger;—your own fortunes are im-
 mense.—Tax Mrs. Stanley with
 these truths;—she cannot, will
 not, deny them.—These instruc-

tions belong equally to both ; but to miss Stanley, the picture of a man who adores her.—

At this critical moment Mrs. Stanley entered the room.—Not dressed yet, girls, said she, I came to tell you I have just received a letter from your patroness.—Had they been detected in the most atrocious crime, their looks could not have been more criminal, or more choaked their utterance.—Bless me, continued she, observing them utterly confounded, what means all this consternation?—Indeed, indeed, hesitated Louisa, we have done nothing.—Indeed, interrupted miss Stanley, indeed we are innocent ! indeed we do

do not know who sent it.—You alarm me, child!—My Louisa too;—Come hither, my dears, tell me why this concern?—why this agitation.—Encouraged by her indulgent expressions, Emily ventured to lift up her glowing face, and presented the picture as Louisa did the letter.——Their own unutterable amazement, was not greater than Mrs. Stanley's appeared to be as she gazed on one, and perused the other; which having done repeatedly;—This incident is a strange one, said she, rising; wait here, I will return immediately.——

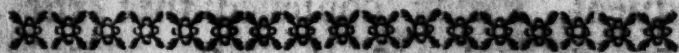
Suppose, said miss Orey, as soon as Mrs. Stanley left the room, sup-

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pose we should be really what that letter says we are!—Ah! Louisa, replied Emily, sighing,—Hush, here is my aunt again.—Dear girl, I am all expectation;—does not your heart go pit-a-pat?

Here Mrs. Stanley entered, and giving them a paper in which her motives for retirement were drawn up with exactness, and supported by the strongest reasonings, she bid them examine its contents, and attend her in the garden.—Their eagerness whilst reading, is scarce to be imagined, each frequently interrupting the other with joyful congratulations; for now no longer were they ignorant of their birth, fortune and alliance.—In
this

this tender, this impassioned moment, Emily confessed that she loved ;—that she hoped one day to behold again her amiable lover ;—and no doubt the gentle Louisa repaid this tender confidence, by joining, most sincerely, in the same hope.



C H A P. XIII.

The prudent Hind accounts his work no toil
Whilst he manures the grateful yielding soil;
Seeds that are early sown will early shoot,
Produce the bud, the blossom, and the fruit.

REpairing hand in hand to the
garden, they found Mrs.
Stanley and Mr. Howard in a tem-
ple consecrated to friendship.—
Welcome, my beloved children,
said she, welcome, welcome :—
Full of duty, reverence and grati-
tude, both fell at her feet, unable
to express the delight with which
they were agitated.—She, folding
each to her bosom, could only say,
Now,

Now, my friend, now Mr. Howard, shall we reap the harvest of our labours:—He too embraced them with a fervency next to parental, whilst they were all thankfulness, rapture and extatic acknowledgements, in which Mrs. Berkley was not forgot.—Their first transports subsided, Mrs. Stanley seated them near her, and taking a hand from each, addressed them thus:—Accident has revealed to you what I should otherwise have discovered in a few days,—but I am satisfied—my secret was not torn from me till ripe for the bosoms of my children.—The author of that anonymous letter, we may in time detect:—Perhaps

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I already guess the artful contriver.—

—That your minds might not be adulterated by pleasure, till they were enlightened by reason, I early estranged you from the world, myself from all its gaieties at a time of life when my friends did not think me past enjoying them ;

—What say you, Mr. Howard, is not this true, continued she with a smile of the sweetest self-approbation.—Why, madam, replied he, am I called on to witness a truth which even now your own person sufficiently evinces ?—Her two beautiful attentives kissed her hand in silent admiration.—And let me tell you, young ladies, proceeded

ceeded the good old gentleman, it is a sacrifice few mothers before this most excellent one, ever made to the true happiness of her children.—Mrs. Stanley was going to reply, when they were informed dinner waited.——

Mr. Howard being obliged to leave them till the hour of tea, Mrs. Stanley took that opportunity of entering on a subject which she foresaw, if started in his presence might give her daughter confusion. The paper, said she, which I this morning put into your hands, contains my motives for retirement, and why I have hitherto concealed you, I may say, even from yourselves:—Declare

now ingenuously, without reserve, if you approve my conduct, if you are satisfied with my care? If you think I have done justice to your birth and fortune?—Dearest Madam!—Dearest madam, replied both, teach us how to deserve this goodness. — Continue what you are, my sweet girls, you will then deserve the future gifts of providence, to which alone you are indebted.——

Providence inspired me with that design which has so greatly answered, not only in the steadiness of your minds, the accomplishments of your manners, but the virtue of your sentiments, without which

which the most shining externals, as the great Seneca expresses it, are of no more use than a candle to the glory of the sun.—

I have long with joy beheld, continued she, your growing improvements, and was at length come to a resolution, not to keep you in that error, to which perhaps you owe much of their excellence.—But in this I was prevented, some officious persons taking the important discovery on themselves.—As to the picture, so artfully conveyed hither, it concerns an affair of which my opinion hath been already delivered.—A repetition therefore would be needless.—Emily forgets not my

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injunctions.—I am satisfied in her obedience!—Convince me, dear girl, of your duty, of your prudence.—It is inconsistent with my views, that the picture should remain in your possession.—Yield it to me with chearfulness.—I will one day give you something valuable in exchange.——

A monarch would have abdicated his throne, a miser relinquished his treasure, with less pain than Emily felt at this command.—Yet, without hesitating, she resigned it into her mother's hand with these words.—Thus, my revered parent, let me always testify my obedience.—From this time
Mrs,

Mrs. Stanley seemed to have forgot
the picture and its original, though
a faithful copy of both was pre-
served in the heart of her
daughter.

It is day preceding that of
their departure being arrived,
Mr. Howard consented to pass it
with them. — He came early,
seemed to have forgot it was a last
day, talked on many interesting
topics, and passed a tolerable
degree of cheerfulness. — Once in-
deed, a sudden thought, a
silent tear, betrayed his hidden
melancholy, which was beginning
to spread contagion, when Mrs.
Stanley said to the young ladies,
I know

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

To part from those we love, what harder fate?
Why harder far, to live with those we hate.

THE day preceeding that of their departure being arrived, Mr. Howard consented to pass it with them.——He came early, seemed to have forgot it was a last visit, talked on many indifferent subjects, and preserved a tolerable degree of chearfulness.—Once indeed, a sudden thoughtfulness, a silent tear, betrayed his hidden melancholy, which was beginning to spread contagion, when Mrs. Stanley said to the young ladies,
I know

I know by my own heart, your reluctance to leave our friend.— Suppose I hit on an expedient to alleviate the pangs of absence.— You by letter shall continually lay before him your proceedings in the great world, and once every summer we will repeat our acknowledgment in person.— What say you, dear Sir, shall we be your annual visitors?— Will you allow my children the honour of your correspondence?— Mr. Howard expressed the highest testimonies of pleasure, and the countenances of Emily and Louisa again enlivened.—

Retiring in the evening he did not contradict their expectation of seeing

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seeing him the next morning, but instead of a visit he dispatched the following billet, a few minutes before they began their journey.

“ Be not surpris'd that I fly your presence.—I find your loss a sufficient affliction.—To behold you just as you are going from me, is more than my fortitude can support.—Should my days be lengthen'd to the ensuing summer, your promise will make me receive that blessing with greater thankfulness.—The expectation of seeing again my dear children, shall be my solace in retirement.—That power from whose mercy alone I look forward to this happiness, conduct you safe to the arms of your friends,
and

and once more restore you to my sight, before that light, which even now but very feebly glimmers, is totally extinguished, &c."

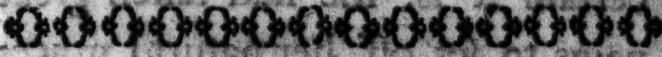
Having brought matters to this crisis, we hope our readers will not think we proceed too abruptly, if we leave our fair travellers to pursue their journey, whilst we step to London, where a splendid cavalcade is now actually setting out, to meet them twenty miles from the metropolis.—We shall introduce the company who formed this party, as they arrived at Sir Thomas Stanley's in their respective carriages.—

The

The first which claims the precedence in our memoirs, is fir James Hallifax's new post coach, finely carved and gilt, French horns and flaming liveries; for on this occasion he started at no expence, to dazzle the eyes, and surprise the heart of our young heiress.——Out of this superb equipage steps Mr. Hallifax, his fine dark hair not indebted to powder, his clothes to lace or embroidery, nor the best shaped hand in the universe to Brussels, Point, or Cambrick, in short, his whole person convinced us at one view, that nature can be perfect in her productions without calling art to her assistance.—Lady Edmonton
and

and fir James followed; the latter of whom seemed not altogether pleased at the negligence of his brother's dress, the design so long in embrio being just ripe for execution, and having entertained a high opinion of *love at first sight*. He was going to renew his disapprobation of an appearance so *mal a propos*, when a chariot drove up, out of which Mr. Hallifax, with his usual complaisance, flew to assist a lady, whom we shall introduce by the name of Clifford. — Young, rich, independent. — Her person formed by nature tolerable enough, but distorted by affectation; — Every feature screwed up; — Every joint stiffened; — A professed Man-hater, and

and in all other respects a compleat
prude.—Her brother next de-
scends: Him we shall present under
these several appellations,—choice
spirit,—jovial companion,—buck,
—blood,—that is, a very sorry
fellow and a pest of society;—add
to these accomplishments, a gen-
teel figure, noble estate, and a de-
gree of witticism made him well
received amongst people of his
own humour.—Himself and sister
were at this time on a visit to fir
James, and consequently of their
party.—



CHAP. XV.

With prude and blade of spirit, having done,
To treat of love, and lovers arts we come,
Hark ye! a word sweet readers in your ear,
To you we speak, to you, our readers fair;
Is it not lawful 'gainst the tyrant man
To set our caps, and wound him, if we can.

WHETHER Mr. Hallifax had
really made any serious im-
pression on the heart of lady Lucy:
—Whether she was of opinion,
there might be safety in a multi-
tude of lovers, as well as in a mul-
titude of counsellors:—Or whether
determined not to be eclipsed by
our Northern beauties:—Whether
from this, that, or any other cause,
certain

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certain it is, she had taken great pains to set off her natural graces by a *dishabille* elegantly studied, yet preserving all the charms of negligence, added to which, the glowing disorder visible on her cheeks at the entrance of Mr. Hallifax, made her irresistably charming.——Clifford, who had seen her ladyship often enough, as he imagined, to authorize the freedom of a whisper, said in one not extreamly low, let me perish, madam, if you don't break upon me, like a fine morning on one who has been benighted. — For which flowery metaphor he was gratified only with a half smile, more expressive of contempt than pleasure, as she turned from him,

to

to receive lady Stanley's other visitors, in a manner that charms, but is not to be described.—

There happened two vacant places in the other carriages, so that Mr. Clifford's chariot was dismissed, and after partaking of a short breakfast, the company began their rout.—Lady Lucy had the brother for her companion, Mr. Hallifax, the sister, and we may venture to affirm, that out of these four, two only were pleased with their situations.—

Lady Lucy received the homage of Mr. Clifford with a haughty reserve not usual to her.—Mr. Hallifax appeared totally inattentive to
many

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many pretty advances, such as sighs, ogles, blushes, down-cast looks, and half sentences, which, by the laws of prudery, are held innocent explanatories, and which had no end till their journey terminated at the inn, where they were soon joined by our other fair travellers from Rose-Hill.—

We shall not attempt to describe the transports of this meeting— lady Lucy's amazement,— Miss Clifford's envey,— or the gentlemen's admiration at first sight of our lovely villagers.— When they returned the caresses and compliments of their friends, with that natural dignity, that easy politeness

ness which distinguishes well-bred people, lady Lucy's heart confessed it was very possible to receive a higher polish from private than from public education :— She admired Louisa, and was at first captivated with Emily, but observing she often attracted the attention of Mr. Hallifax, she became a prey to the most terrible of all passions. — This day was destined to discover to her ladyship a serious regard for her chevalier.

This day was also to reveal his supposed attachment to another. — She observed him often withdraw his eyes from miss Stanley, and fix them on her ; but impar-

tial candor making her yield to Emily a generous superiority, she imagined he beheld them comparatively, and that such comparison must be to her own disadvantage.—Contrary to the general custom of our sex, she would not have loved her less for that superiority, had not jealousy placed her in the dreaded light of a rival.—Lest our readers should be led away, as was her ladyship, by false appearances, we tell them, as a profound secret, that though Mr. Hallifax admired miss Stanley, he did but admire her:—Like lady Lucy he loved;—like her felt all the uneasiness of that passion.—Whether the fair one for whom he sighs is

young or old, — handsome or ugly,
 — wise or silly, — sincere or fickle,
 — of rank, or a plebian, — of fortune or a beggar; — whether Christian or Pagan, are particulars locked up in his own breast, of which his discretion keeps the key. — In complaisance to Emily and Louisa, whose impatience to visit the metropolis, may be supposed predominant, we shall pass over with more expedition than they did, an excellent dinner, having gained, by their morning's drive, what many a great man would give half his estate to gain, namely, a good appetite. — Even lady Lucy and Mr. Hallifax, did tolerably well for people in love;

but that lovers can exist on their passion, as the Cameleon does on air, is an assertion we absolutely disavow.

study Lucy and Mr. Ishillix, did
 namely, a good operation—Even
 would give half his estate to gain,
 drive, what many a great man
 are gained by their morning's
 they did, an excellent dinner; hav-
 over with more expedition than
 noted prominent, we shall pass
 with the metaphor, may be sup-
 and I could, whose impatience to
 they.—In compliance to Henry
 which his devotion keeps the
 locked up in his own breast of
 this or Lagan and sometimes



CHAP. XVI.

Envy, like any judge, can speak
With sister slander's tongue ;
But when for slander there's no room,
Perfection strikes it dumb.

MISS Clifford, the reverse of lady Lucy, selfish, envious, and conceited—beheld the lovely strangers with the most mortifying envy ;—that whole day did she keep her lips primly close, lest unwittingly a word might escape to betray the admiration she could not avoid feeling.—This lady had a very susceptible heart, and expired at the thought of another's

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engaging that adoration which she affected to receive with the most rigid formality and restraint, ---this instead of inspiring respect, often made her the object of ridicule.— One instance of mortification, more severe than any other that hath yet engaged our notice, we shall give our readers as a short interlude, which we hope will not be unentertaining.—About three years before she was introduced to our acquaintance, as a visitor at lady Edmonton's, it happened that being in the country with Sir George Melvil's family, with them she was invited to the houses of several gentlemen in the neighbourhood, where, in honor of the good old English custom, Christmas was always

ways welcomed with mirth and hospitality.—Amongst those who observed it as a great carnival, was Sir Arthur Falkstone, whose daughters, agreeable young women, were esteemed the life of the country.—At these annual meetings, the house was crowded with genteel people of all ranks and ages, when it was a rule to continue together three days in high festivity.—The Melvil family arrived—found, as usual, a numerous assembly, and, as usual, were received with a generous welcome, good fires, and joyous countenances, which had so general an effect, that even Miss Clifford's began to relax a little of its severity;—sparkling wit, and sprightly re-

partee flew about;— part of the evening was past in following the fiddles, and part in such plays as are the prerogatives of the season : Midnight advanced,— a cessation was proposed, and miss Falkstone being in possession of the pawns, the old custom accordingly followed of redeeming them at a slight penance :— Many pledges had been restored, when the person who owned a pick-tooth case, if a lady, was required to name her favourite beau ; if a gentleman, to salute her whose pawn should come up next, when behold a smelling-bottle was produced against miss Clifford :— The tooth-pick case belonged to Mr. Med-

Meddows, a young man of incomparable humour, who rising from his chair, stepped towards the trembling fair, and would very civilly have subscribed to the terms.

—Terrified at so horrid, so public an ignominy, long she repulsed his attacks, determined by heroic resistance, to show at least, that her inclinations were not yielding.—

The contention was for some time vigorous, till finding no chance remained but flight, in that she sought security:—Round and round the room did he pursue her, when languishing and breathless, she sunk into a chair, seemingly resigned; nay, even impatient for her fate.—

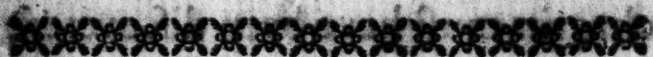
Seeing her entirely passive, and,

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like a true knight, scorning to avail himself of the rites of conquest so vigorously opposed; faith, madam, said he to his captive, making her a low bow, we have both exhausted our strength and spirits in this engagement, therefore, continued he, turning to the company, you who have been witnesses of the lady's rage, and my clemency, reward our virtues, — restore our pledges, and exact no further penance. — His demand was acknowledged just, and the pawns returned. — Miss Clifford, instead of thanking her generous conqueror for taking no advantage of his victory, was extreamly mortified; and, notwithstanding all her affected

affected smiles and grimace, her
chagrin must have been discovered;
had not the company soon after
separated.

THE next morning Mr. M.
dove did not appear at breakfast,
much to the satisfaction of our
last night's disappointed fair one.
—Sir Arthur, one of the men
upon in the kingdom, waiting to
see them once more face to face,
sole privately to his apartment,
in hopes to find him there, but re-
turned in a few minutes empty-
handed.



C H A P. XVII.

Oppos'd by Amazonian shield,
 Who fighting, only fought to yield;
 He flies the field, neglects the spoil,
 Nor reaps the harvest of his toil.
 The lady's hopes are all defeated,
 Her spirits gone, her wishes cheated.

THE next morning Mr. Med-
 dows did not appear at break-
 fast, much to the satisfaction of our
 last nights disappointed fair one.
 —Sir Arthur, one of the merriest
 men in the kingdom, waiting to
 see them once more face to face,
 stole privately to his apartment,
 in hopes to find him there, but re-
 turned in a few minutes, crying
 out

out with an arch look, hey dey ! hey dey ! here are fine effects of our last nights battle ! Ned Meadows has stolen away.---Dear fir, what mean you, replied Miss Falkstone.—What do I mean, retorted the Baronet ; look ye, Bessy, read that, giving her a note.—Rot the puppy, I will lay my best horse he wishes himself back again before night.—The ladies were very importunate for the secret ; and after some excuses, Bessy, by the command of her father, read aloud as follows.

“ Give me leave, fir Arthur, to thank you and yours for yesterday’s civilities.—I should have lengthened my visit had I not perceived my

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my presence was disagreeable to one of your fair guests.--Something there must be obnoxious in my conduct or character; otherwise I might have hoped for an innocent freedom to which I was commanded.—Not having yet discovered where the fault lies, I will search for it more narrowly when I reach that privacy to which I hasten.

Yours, &c. &c.

E. Meddows."

Most of the company were so intimately acquainted with the writer's humour, that they could scarce confine their emotion to a smile, being ready to burst into immoderate fits of laughter. Miss Clifford

Clifford casting down her eyes, and blushing between shame and anger, said, with some hesitation, that truly since he thought fit to misconstrue a behaviour consistent with the decorum of her sex to his own disadvantage, she was quite easy and should not trouble herself about the matter.—By no means, by no means, replied Sir Arthur, merrily, if he is gone without a cause, let him return without a reason. Affairs thus accomodated, good humour again reigned universally, and Miss Clifford, to wipe out any unfavourable impressions, added another degree of sprightliness to her behaviour.

112 *The* PICTURE.

Dinner bell had just rung when a coach drove into the yard, the company alighted, our good man of the house received them in the great hall, and afterwards conducted them to the drawing room. Miss Falkstone's welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Harley with the most cordial pleasure, and seeing a young lady enter with them, respectfully saluted her, which salute was returned with a smile of freedom, not altogether consistent with the exact forms of punctilio on a first introduction. Mrs. Harley presented this stranger by the name of Simonds, a friend of hers, to whom she was ambitious of shewing the most amiable families in the neighbourhood.

bourhood, that she might leave it with some idea of its politeness and hospitality; a very genteel compliment, and very graciously accepted.

We see a spirit with her own way of thinking. We see a pride in her own manner of speaking. We see that she was a mark to others. Which shows more clearly all the more will. Could may obscure the tongue and the heart.

Unpleasantness may be a sign of a heart.

158. Diamonds were too much for her. In fact a penny, and a penny.

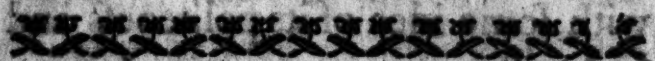
at her first entrance. In fact, she was a word of spirit in her manner.

extremely disagreeable. She said to the man when he did speak, seemed.

to be inclined to leave, not to call it matter, as soon and very.

strongly recommended her to the notice.

CHAP.



C H A P. XVIII.

We see a prude with her own weapons fought,
We see a prude in her own trammels caught;
Fool that she was, to wear a mask so thin,
Which shew'd more clearly all the spots within.
Guilt may obscure the tongue and cloud the
eyes,
Unfalsified innocence needs no disguise.

MISS Simonds was too masculine for a beauty, and, except at her first entrance, had an awkward restraint in her manners, extremely disgusting.—She said little, yet when she did speak, seemed so much inclined to satyr, not to call it malice, as soon and very strongly recommended her to the
notice

notice of Miss Clifford. — That lady being sudden in her friendships, and finding a kindred mind in Miss Simonds, a first prepossession soon ripened into so violent an attachment, as to throw down all the bounds of circumspection. — Drawing her into a retired corner, the rapid current of scandal overwhelmed without exception, not only the company present, but all who had the honour of her acquaintance. — Every sentence was so agreeably swallowed by her new friend, that she unboomed herself still further, — told her last night's adventure, — loaded Meddows with opprobrious epithets, — and vowed revenge if fate should ever again throw him in her way: —
listen.

listening with so much attention, that the whites of her eyes only were visible, Miss Simonds exclaimed, heavens! what an honour, what an example to our sex! — Would to God all women supported their dignity like you: — alas! I daily lament the levities in which they allow themselves. — For my part, said the other, bridleing, I see such instances that — Pardon me, my dear, interrupted Miss Simonds, eagerly; — I must tell you that I almost expired the other day at lady Easley's — At lady Easley's! pray proceed — At lady Easley's! — Well! I wonder at nothing now-a-days. — Miss Harriot, that pretty innocent, that pattern of modesty, would you be-

believe it, madam, suffered young Merit, who was just come off a journey, and to be her husband in a few days; yes, she suffered him, I blush to repeat it.—O! pray my dear go on, we may speak of these things to one another:—Well then (pretending great confusion) she absolutely suffered him to salute her hand.—Ah! the creature, exclaimed Miss Clifford:—Before a whole room full of company suffered it!—One would think prudence was excluded the world, replied her friend.—Sure, my dearest friend, returned Miss Simonds, we are particularly happy who enjoy our gaiety of heart, under a cloak of decent reserve.—We are secure from little censure,
to

to which your open, sincere tempers (as they are called) are ever liable.—Women in this age are so depraved as to be at no pains to hide their sentiments.—The noble resistance you made when that audacious fellow, on that Meddows presumed to have kissed you; what a reflection that, upon those who suffer such indignities without a struggle; though between you and I, whispered she, if you had not been so publick, I see no great indecorum in an innocent freedom of that kind.—Miss Clifford in the fulness of her heart, confessed the justness of this sentiment, when Miss Simonds, alias Mr. Meddows, said, in a soft ironic tone;—

Since

Since we know each others inclinations, madam, I may hope for that favour in private which you refused me in public.

He said, and all over his face
 A smile began to show,
 To see him a ghost, now seen the devil,
 She would have thought a better evil.

MISS Clifford's cheeks lost all
 their vermilion, when she
 heard the sound of Meddow's
 true voice, which, with his
 and complexion had been so
 truly disguised as to make it
 possible for the most intimate
 his friends to have known his
 name—Hold, madam, this

CHAP.

he, carrying her about to give
 tokens of affection,
 you have entrusted your
 with



C H A P. XIX.

Speechless, confus'd, all over shaking,
Pulse beating high, and poor heart quaking,
To've seen a ghost, nay seen the devil,
She would have thought a lesser evil.

MISS Clifford's cheeks lost all their vermillion, when she heard the sound of Meddows's natural voice, which, with his hair and complexion had been so artfully disguised as to make it impossible for the most intimate of his friends to have known his proper person.—Hold, madam, said he, observing her about to give a scream of astonishment, hold, you have entrusted your secrets with
with

with a man of honour.—Keep your own counsel.—Let me perish, if you shall not find me more trusty than if I had been that very hypocritical prude you believed me to be, —She could not answer one syllable, hung down her head, coloured, turned pale alternately, and was silent.—As he promised to be secret, she resolved to take his advice and not expose herself. —He soon after addressed the other ladies, acted his part with inimitable humour, and at last discovered himself to the company. They surmising for whom this trick was designed, were so genteel as to suppose themselves parties concerned, which with Mr. Meddows's assurances so far revived the con-

scious Miss Clifford, that she carried herself with tolerable good humour the whole time they remained together at Sir Arthur's.—

Mr. Meddows continued true to his promise till he married, when in confidence he betrayed the jest to his lady,—his lady to her friend,—that friend to another friend,—that other friend to us,—and we have the honour of transmitting it to the public.——

We sincerely regret, that the word Modesty should be so frequently prostituted.—What is so called by miss Clifford, and women of her stamp, instead of refining,

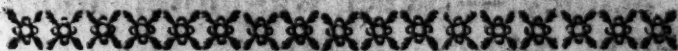
cor-

corrupts the heart, fills it with improper ideas, and is a compound of affectation, restraint and moroseness,—perpetually uneasy, rigid and apprehensive, — a mis-interpreter of innocent words, looks and actions,—a skin deep virtue, the empty shadow of that without which we are certainly contemptible. — True modesty is a ray of divinity, that enlightens the heart, darts from the eye, and glows on the cheek; its ideas are pure,—never apprehensive of an insult, therefore never insulted;—its smiles are bright, its gestures chaste and unaffected;—it flies the libertine; it repulses the forward,—but forbids reserve to the man of sense and honour. Such is

genuine modesty, which we could wish those of our readers to entertain, who have hitherto been the followers of its shadow only.—

Pardon this digression, and let us join the illustrious company, which we dropped in our sixteenth chapter,

CHAP.



C H A P. XX.

Fatigue of journey, joyful meeting,
Salute of form, and friendly greeting;
A thousand questions ask'd in chat,
Of when and how, of this and that.
'This, that, and th' other being ended,
The ladies, by their beaux attended,
Arrive in town, time glides along
In lively wit and festive song.

ABOUT seven in the evening
the company were set down
at Sir James Hallifax's, in great
Marlborough street, where a most
magnificent collation was prepared
for their reception.

Had sir James been a batchelor,
we might reasonably have sup-

posed him to be the lover of miss Stanley.—Never was lover more submissive, respectful and assiduous.—Often did he chide his brother by a nod or a frown, when his attention wandered to any other beauty.—In fine, both his own and lady's behaviour was too conspicuous for the keen sight of jealousy to pass it unnoticed.—Lady Lucy saw for whom Mr. Hallifax was designed,—shuddered for her own happiness,—yet could not resist a tender impulse in favour of her rival.—Neither had miss Clifford cast her fair eyes upon him with indifference, so that whilst lady Lucy was observing his actions, her own did not pass unnoticed.

noticed.—As for Mr. Hallifax, the whole evening he seemed thoughtful, reserved, spoke little, and when he addressed Emily, it was with an air of constraint, very far from graceful.—

Lady Stanley had often been entertained with the sweet voices of our heroines, and at her request they consented to oblige the company, with that ready ease, which gives beauty to the finest harmony, and charms the meanest capacity. —Where a fine finger is much entreated, ones ears are so filled with the discording sounds of refusal, that when melody would enter, we are out of tune for its reception.—

Lady Lucy followed their example, but miss Clifford was immoveable.——

The ladies having sung their favourite airs, sir James, well knowing his brother's voice and skill were both inimitable, called upon him for a song, that none of his fine talents might be hid from the observation of Miss Stanley.— The ladies seconded his request, and Mr. Hallifax obeyed.

SONG.

Forget her blue bewitching eye,
Forget her lips of crimson dye,
Forget her sweet majestick mien,
The snowy whiteness of her skin!

O! no! if I forget,
Hear me, ye pow'rs on high,
If I forget these charms,
Forget me when I die.

Thus harmoniously passed the hours, till fir Thomas and Mrs. Stanley's carriages were ordered to the door, but lady Edmonton, who had before concerted matters with fir James, would by no means suffer the latter to leave them that night.—An incident, which occasioned a certain lady such a pang, as must have discovered the situation of her heart, if before she had been insensible of its thralldom.—

Our young strangers thought lady Lucy the most amiable of women, and asked her friendship, with a grace so irresistible, as, notwithstanding the seeming obstacle of rivalry, bound her to them with a sincere attachment.



CHAP. XXI.

What tongue or pen, what prose or verse,
 What dying swain, or fighting belle,
 Can all the turns of love rehearse,
 Can all its fickle changes tell?

POWERFUL and sudden are
 the revolutions which love pro-
 duces in the human breast:—It has
 made a coward brave, — a miser
 generous, — a knave turn honest,
 and an honest man turn knave;
 It occasions joy, grief, pain, plea-
 sure, smiles, frowns, despair and rap-
 ture!——Of which changes, those
 who are not feelingly acquainted
 with its caprice, can have but a

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very imperfect conceptions.—After passing a sleepless night, lady Lucy, pale and dejected, left her room for that where Sir Thomas and lady Stanley were just sitting down at the tea table.

The conversation at breakfast turned on the preceding evening, in which, lady Lucy bore so considerable a part, maintaining a cheerfulness and unconcern, so amazingly well counterfeited, as might have eluded even the suspicious eyes of Argo's.—Her ladyship having promised, if the weather was favourable, to attend Miss Stanley and Louisa to the park; Sir Thomas reminded her of this engagement, saying, as he went out, he

he would order the chariot to attend them; lady Stanley at the same time proposing a visit to lady Edmonton.

It is impossible my dear to express, said her ladyship, the pleasure it gives Sir Thomas and myself to observe the early attachment you seem to entertain for our young relations. — I hope it will be reciprocal, madam: —

There is no doubt of its being both reciprocal and lasting; you are all equally amiable, and entitled equally to our affection.

Your ladyship is infinitely good, to rank me with two of the most accomplished of our sex.

Then

Then you really acquit me of partiality in my description of their persons.

Acquit you, dear madam, I should hate myself, was I capable through envy, of wronging my judgment. They surpass whatever I have seen of beauty.—Both are charming, yet please in different ways.—The majesty of the one is so mixed with sweetness; her smile so affable, her address so full of ease, so soft, so humble,—that when she looks or speaks it is with a kind of magick, which forces one to lose that respectful distance her presence unavoidably inspires.—That enchanting gaiety of the others looks

looks, is blended with so much solidity, gentleness, unaffected sincerity, that when she smiles in ones face, she steals ones heart. Had I a secret, methinks I could make a confidant of Miss Orey, was I in any straight or dilemma, I would fly for counsel to Miss Stanley.

I could embrace you, my dear lady Lucy, for this pretty distinction ; I honour your nobleness of sentiment ; indeed you have too many perfections of your own to look with envy on, or detract from the good qualities of others. Let me consult you my dear, let me ask if you have not somewhere seen the man, who, by possessing many eminent virtues seems destined

tioned to be the husband of miss Stanley.—Such an alliance there now is, and has for some time been on foot between the two families.

Mr. Hallifax instantly started to the imagination of lady Lucy. She was covered with confusion; blushed, trembled, and answered with hesitation; — Consult me, madam! — His person is faultless, continued lady Stanley, not observing her agitation; in his actions he is generous, his conversation nervous, his disposition humane, his manners sincere, polite and humble. — Can you be at a loss? — Can it be any other than — She was going to pronounce the dreaded name, when the door opening,

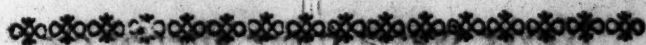
opening, who should make their appearance but Mr. Hallifax and Clifford, dropping in *en passant*, to escort the ladies to Marlborough street, where they were impatiently expected.

Lady Stanley's last words had so thoroughly confirmed lady Lucy in her suspicions, that when the former approached to pay his compliments, rising to receive them, she was obliged to support herself against the table ; and when she asked for her new friends, it was with a voice quite low and almost inarticulate. — Mr. Hallifax was startled, and enquired with apparent concern if she was indisposed, — Roused by this question,
and

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and reflecting on the necessity of hiding her disorder, she assumed her usual vivacity, rallied him on the unseasonable compliment he made her health at the expence of her complexion; protesting, that if her looks declared her ailing, their testimony was not to be relied on.

CHAP.



C H A P. XXII.

We've call'd the muses, bit our pen,
And wrote, and scratch'd, and wrote again.
Have been at all those fuming pains,
Only to say that this contains
A very sudden alteration,
A walk, and little dissertation.

THE gentlemen having led the ladies to their chariot, lady Stanley, we imagine, renewed that conversation which their presence had before interrupted ; we likewise suppose, that on hearing the name and quality of Miss Stanley's intended lover, lady Lucy's alarming fears, doubts, and apprehensions subsided.

Never

Never was a more altered creature than her ladyship when she arrived at sir James's; joy danced in her eyes, every feature was enlivened;—finding Emily alone in the saloon, she embraced her with the warm affection of a sister, rather than the cold restraint of a rival——

Miss Stanley was examining with great attention a map of England, and perhaps at the moment their ladyships entered, had cast her eye on that very spot where she first beheld the object of her hidden passion.——If in idea she was really on that beloved spot, we may suppose she quitted it with
regret

regret to attend them to lady Ed-
 monton's dressing room.—Soon
 after, herself, lady Lucy, Miss Clif-
 ford, and Louisa, escorted by Mr.
 Hallifax and Clifford, repaired to
 the park, whither we propose fol-
 lowing them.

Was the ingenious Mr. Stephens
 to attempt dissecting the hearts of
 this little company, he would find
 in their composition infinite matter
 for elocution.—As we are no ora-
 tors, therefore in natural and un-
 studied language, we shall begin
 with the heart of Miss Stanley.

Formed by nature gentle, ge-
 nerous, and sincere, that first pre-
 possession which had taken root at
 Hamp-

Hampton-Lodge, spreads so rapidly, as makes her struggles between duty and inclination insupportable. — She doubts not her own strength of resolution to maintain the former, but thinks it a material deviation, that she could not entirely conquer the latter. — A thousand times she resolved to throw her self at the feet of her indulgent parent, and confess her weakness; but as often rejected that resolution, ashamed of her disobedience. — In the midst of these perplexities it may be imagined, that chearful and easy as she appeared, her thoughts were unsettled and inclined to melancholy. — In this situation was the heart of Miss Stanley.

Next

Next, let us take a view of lady Lucy's.—An immense load had been that morning removed, without leaving it perfectly at ease:—Assured that her charming chevalier was not destined for Miss Stanley, she thought herself as sure that his affections were engaged to another.—Long she studied who had engaged them.—It was not Emily,—it was not Louisa;—of this she was convinced;—As for Miss Clifford, she did not so much as ask herself whether it could be her.

After examination and re-examination of past words, looks and actions, something whispered it

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it might be even lady Lucy's fair self who had engaged them ;—of this she was still more persuaded by a very expressive glance, which at that instant penetrated her ladyship's heart, shot from the fine eyes of Mr. Hallifax.—No sooner had she entertained the hopes of a conquest, for which she would have given millions, and to have charmed him effectually, have re-resigned the power of charming universally ;—No sooner, we say, had she made this discovery, than by a little female artifice, which seldom fails to make the smothered flame burst its confines, she determined to prove the reality of a conjecture so flattering to her wishes ; which artifice was no other, than
to

to try his affections on the touchstone of jealousy:—Not like too many of her sex, to give pain merely for the sake of giving it, but to secure a certainty of her own happiness;—a motive rather more laudable than the former: Yet we acknowledge this design seems not quite devoid of coquetry.

The heart of Miss Orey undisturbed by love,—the heart of Mr. Hallifax feeding a secret flame by which it is consumed.—The heart of Mr. Clifford burning for Miss Stanley's fortune, and

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that of his sister bursting with envy, we must pass over in silence, or make them the subjects of another dissertation.

CHAP.



C H A P. XXIII.

Behold and admire our soldier of spirit,
His smile speaks good humour, his eye re-
flects merit ;
Observe how he treads ! with what grace,
we conjure ye !
Now ! now ! catch a glance, for the Hero's
before ye.

THEY had taken but few turns
in the green park, when a
soldier of fortune paid his compli-
ments to lady Lucy, with whom
he appeared to be on some de-
gree of intimacy.—He presented
Mr. Hallifax his hand,—and his
eyes followed the ladies as they
pursued their walk.—In the per-
son of this young warrior, whom

we shall call Stanhope, is something which we know not how to express, but by the term *je ne scai quoi*, frequently used by the French when they would convey an idea more striking, more inimitable than the most uniform beauty.—A degree of perfection for which in our language we can find no appellation. — His figure erect and noble,—his air martial,—his countenance a lively picture of that valour and humanity which makes him the glory of his nation; — his looks inspire cheerfulness, — his actions guided by that generous freedom which is graceful, natural, and refined.

Our

Our agreeable colonel being intimately known to Mr. Hallifax, requested he might be permitted to make one in their party; which request being complied with, they immediately joined the ladies, to whom he was politely introduced.

Lady Lucy no sooner saw the colonel approach, than she secretly thanked fortune, and felt a pleasure unspeakable — Whatever was the gaiety of her ladyship's sentiments, it was attended with that kind of true modesty of which we have already treated; — such as prevents not our rallying a man of refinement, but requires a double degree of caution when we converse with the levellers of

G 3

human

human nature ; — wretches who lay in wait to debase it, by sully-
 ing our most innocent expressions with
 the baseness of their own depraved
 imaginations. — A word, a
 look, a smile, they account en-
 couragement ; so that to them,
 restraint is absolutely necessary, or
 they would become more assum-
 ing, more insupportable.

For these very reasons it was,
 that lady Lucy's vivacity never ex-
 tended towards Clifford, much
 less did she think him a proper ob-
 ject for the execution of her inten-
 ded stratagem. — How opportune
 then was the colonel's presence ? —
 Nothing could be more a-propos. —
 His person, character, and address,
 but above all his being a frequent
 visitor

visitor at Sir Thomas Stanley's, made him the most likely man in the universe to create a jealous suspicion in the breast of Mr. Hallifax. Besides, colonel Stanhope had often given her ladyship's health in company with his friend.

— Should any say or think that so public a mark of respect argued the reverse of a serious attachment, let him at the same time consider these lines from Othello ;

— "Trifles light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proof of holy writ."

— And now are we really afraid to set forth the success of lady Lucy's artifice, for should we encourage others to play the same cards, it is ten to one but they lose their stake, wanting her ladyship's skill,

her delicacy, or perhaps both, in the management of their game. Having given this conscientious caution, we shall venture to declare, that after half a dozen turns, in which the ball had been kept up on the part of lady Lucy, with wit truly brilliant; on that of the colonel, with gallantry truly refined; our poor chevalier began to shew many tokens of uneasiness:—Such as frequently applying to his watch, putting his hand to his forehead, being silent when he should speak, and speaking when he should be silent.—Trivial as these symptoms may appear to others, lady Lucy received them as corroborating testimonies of her triumph.—Notwithstan-

ding

ding her ladyship engaged great part of the colonel's conversation, the attention with which he now and then directed a side glance to Louisa, might have alarmed her, had she entertained any real design of making him her captive ;—but far, very far was she from entertaining any such design.

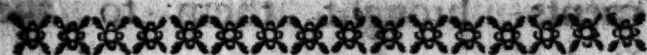
Their walk had continued an hour and half, when an immensity of sable clouds, which began to gather in from all quarters, threatened an approaching deluge. It is fit when at a distance we foresee danger, that we either secure ourselves by flight, or arm for its reception.—The ladies were most inclined for the former, but their

conductors would not suffer them to quicken their steps, marching them on very deliberately towards Picadilly.—The heavens frowned that their prognostications were disregarded, and made known their heavy displeasure by a tremendous clap of thunder, followed by such a gust of hail and rain, as sent every knight to the protection of his Dulcinea;—and whilst Mr. Hallifax is loading the fair neck and face of lady Lucy with handkerchiefs, the colonel and Mr. Clifford are rendering the same services to the other ladies. —When this heavy shower broke over them, they had reach-

ed

ed the canal, so that a few moments brought them to the Parkdoor, where their carriages waited.

THAT day to which Mr Stanley had been looking forward with hope and eagerness, non for many years was at length arrived. — That day in which the related to prove whether or no this virtue, implanted on the minds of our daughters and sons, PAHOB 66 CHAP



C H A P. XXIV.

Learn'd in mild religion's school,
Vers'd in wisdom's golden rule,
Innocence their steps support,
Pomp and splendour vainly court;
All their syren arts they ward,
Virtue's self becomes their guard.

THAT day to which Mrs. Stanley had been looking forward with hope and expectation for many years, was at length arrived.— That day in which she resolved to prove, whether or no those virtues, inculcated on the minds of her daughter and Louisa, were to be shaken, by affluence thrown

thrown at once in their way, in its various and most alluring forms.—

Not all lady Edmonton's entreaties could prevail on her to defer the purpose of her heart to another day.—

As soon therefore as the ladies returned from the park, a superb equipage conveyed them to Leicester square.—

Mrs. Stanley, as soon as they entered the house, led them herself through all the magnificent apartments, fitted up for their reception, and furnished with the most dazzling splendor; displayed all the charms of grandeur, and
whilst

whilst displaying them, watched every turn of their eyes, with as much caution, as though she had been exposing her riches to the view of a suspected robber.—

Instead of repeating any of her former injunctions, she affected to talk of nothing but dissipation, dress and pleasure; — said, they were that night to attend the same party with whom they had past the preceeding evening, at the opera house. — That they should make an appearance suitable to their rank; — and, going to her cabinet, presented each a complete set of jewels, together with a small gold box, saying, that therein they would find means to procure
whatever

whatever seemed to them most eligible.—

These favours were received with a becoming grace, devoid of that exulting joy which had it been discovered could not have failed of alarming this excellent parent.— Neither did they pass over this change of situation with a stupid insensibility, or seem dazzled with its lustre.

Perfectly satisfied with their behaviour in the trial to which she had exposed them, she conducted them to their own apartment, embraced and left them together.—

As soon as they were alone, Emily, with a sigh, laying her
jewels

jewels on the toilet, asked Louisa, whether she did not still regret the calm delights of Rose Hill?—

I will tell you that by and by, replied she,—first let us examine the contents of these little repositories.—

When, both applying to the boxes given them by Mrs. Stanley, discovered in each, a bank note of five hundred pounds.—

Depend on it, my dear, said miss Stanley, these considerable sums are not intrusted with us merely to gratify luxury.—Or if they were, have we one wish to satisfy?—Are we not encompassed with the
super-

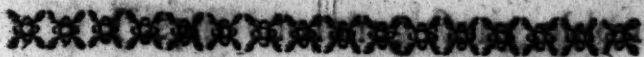
superfluities, whilst numbers languish for the necessaries of life.— Let us suppose these sums placed in our hands for the benefit of others, and consult how to lay them out to advantage for their necessities.—

Miss Orey embraced her cousin's proposal with all the warmth of benevolence. — What, my dear, cried she, prevents us from putting this scheme into immediate execution.—The example, the precepts of my aunt insure her approbation.—Besides, she bid us procure whatever seemed to us most eligible,—certainly she meant that we should lay it out in such a manner as may afford us inward satisfaction.—

After

After some farther consultation, it was concluded three hundred pounds should be sent to Mr. Howard, and two hundred to Mrs. Berkley, with a discretionary power of bestowing it in the relief of indigence; that the remaining five hundred should be put out on some security for similar uses, such as might offer, either through their own knowledge, or the recommendations of worthy people.—

These resolutions were no sooner taken, than their attendants were summoned, being impatient to dress, that they might go and lay their scheme before Mrs. Stanley.



C H A P. XXV.

When moralists would form, or mend the
mind,

Thro' wisdom's channel all their precepts
flow;

But, if we're lucky, chance alone is kind,
On us Minerva does no gifts bestow.

FROM the foregoing chapter
it may be observed, that our
lovely, benevolent heroines, had
forgot none of those excellent
lessons, which from their early in-
fancy they had studied.—With
what sweet equanimity were the
first approaches of dazzling for-
tune receiv'd!—Her gifts instead of
being prophaned on the altar of
vanity,

vanity, were appropriated to the noble, most generous uses.

How sweet to behold those virtues which were planted in the vale of retirement, continue to blow with a still brighter aspect in the garden of luxury ; — to see them removed to that destructive soil, with all their blcoming fragrance preserved.

Amongst the various arts used by our sex, to adorn and beautify the person, there is one composition which we would recommend to their notice ; — yet we confess it is of so unfashionable a nature, as not to be met with in any perfumer's shop, on this,
or

or the other side Temple bar.—
 Some few may be already possessed of; and properly esteem this beautifying balsam, yet by many it is disregarded; not as the destroyer of teeth or complexion, but as an enemy to politeness, or rather, of what is too frequently substituted in the room of politeness.

After giving this character of it, if any of our female readers will venture on the experiment, let them have recourse to our prescription, from which we promise the following advantages;—An approving conscience, — A smooth brow, and a mind serene as a spring

spring morning; — a complexion neither pale with envy, nor red through anger; — it gives the mouth an irresistible smile of serenity, and fills the eye with benignity. —

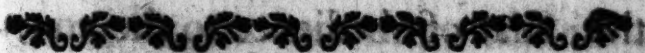
The beholder is warmed into admiration, whilst the flame it kindles is pure and unextinguishable.

The ingredients to be procured, are these : — Self-knowledge, not gathered from the false mirror we too often contemplate, but collected from the deepest recesses of the heart : — Perhaps this first may be more difficult to obtain than

than any other, yet without it we cannot ascertain the infallibility of our receipt. — Possessed of self-knowledge, let your search be directed after that infinite power whose attributes are mercy, benevolence and humility. — When, with the eye of purity, you can look up to these attributes, examine their divine nature, and write down on the tablets of your heart, the nearest likeness you can draw of their perfection : — Whatever else is wanting to the composition, such as modesty, patience and good humour, you need take no pains to procure : — These virtues are produced by the former, as much as animal plants are by heat, —

heat, — as heat is derived from the sun, — and as the sun receives its influence from omnipotence. —

CHAP.



C H A P. XXVI.

O quit, ye fair, these wanton arts,
These labours to entrap mens hearts:
Three hours dressing, heat or frost;
Too much, besides 'tis labour lost;
At court, play, ball, or city feast,
Those charm the most, who strive the least,

FROM a superb wardrobe
richly supplied by the elegant
fancy of lady Lucy, with the most
fashionable silks, Emily made
choice of a white, spangled with
a small gold spot, and over it
slight sprigs in a variety of pat-
terns.——

Miss Orey, from the same motive, that of obedience to the commands of Mrs. Stanley, chose one of equal richness, and both appeared before her within the half hour, ~~completely~~ dressed.——She expressed her approbation that they had observed their usual expedition in the business of the toilet, and said, as they entered her apartment; I see, my dearest children are resolved to avoid every imputation of absurdity and ridiculousness which might be cast upon the method I have observed in their education.--Who shall impeach my conduct? are not all my designs answered?——Who would labour whole hours to adorn their persons, when

when so little time serves the purpose of my girls?—Who shall say your bloom has been wasted in obscurity?—Or who that my fond endeavours have not been greatly rewarded?—Are my precepts forgot?—Are my wishes unaccomplished?—

Without repeating the particulars of a conversation which might be deemed tedious and insipid, we shall only say that Mrs. Stanley's satisfaction was exquisite, in finding to what use that money was intentionally dedicated, which she had only designed as a trial of their virtue. — We may suppose their reflections and observations, on emerging into the great world,

have been the subjects of their letters to Mr. Howard, which letters we have it not in our power to procure, notwithstanding our indefatigable labours for that purpose.—

The scheme of going to the opera, was concerted by Sir James whilst the ladies were gone to the Park, when it was likewise determined that the company should meet at Mrs. Stanley's.—In consequence of this engagement, Sir Thomas, lady Stanley and lady Lucy, were the first who arrived, and soon after, lady Edmenton, Mr. and Miss Clifford, Sir James, and Mr. Hallifax, the latter of whom, had not yet quite gone through

through the ordeal tryal destined him by his fair inquisitor.—

There is certainly something strangely capricious in our humours, or why, when reasonably convinced of a truth, should we tempt our destiny by seeking a further conviction?

Lady Lucy had observed an apparent uneasiness in Mr. Hallifax, whilst designedly she flirted with colonel Stanhope,—and believing it had given pain to a person for whom she felt a sincere esteem; the moment she came from the park, began a candid and impartial scrutiny into her late behaviour.

H 3

In

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In this examination she experienced a very sensible regret, and half-determined not to persevere in increasing the conflicts of her chevalier: — she continued in the same lenitive disposition, till being equipped for the day, her glass informed her, she was irresistibly armed for conquest. — Cupid peeping from her eyes at the same instant, said, with a mischievous smile, go on with your former scheme, if you hope to be fully convinced of mine, and your own power. —

The presence of lady Stanley interrupted his harangue, and she sat out for Leicester square, resolved

solved to obey the little deity's injunctions.

Having in her way to Mrs. Stanley's concerted a plan of operations, she was engaged with the young ladies in a sprightly conversation, of which colonel Stanhope was the subject, when Mr. Hallifax made his appearance, ten times more lovely than her heart had ever yet acknowledged him! — In a moment she had forgot her design. — In the same moment she resumed it.

I am immensely mortified, said she, addressing herself to him, that we did not know of our party when in the park this morning. —

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There is a certain person, returned he with an air of gaiety, whose concern, I imagine, will not be inferior to your ladyship's.—

We can all guess who is meant by that certain person, said Louisa.

Hush, hush, replied lady Lucy, looking archly, when I made you my confidant, I expected secrecy.

But suppose, says miss Stanley, we learnt the Colonel's happiness from himself.—

From the Colonel, retorts she ? for heaven's sake have done with these

these insinuations ;— you distract me ;— I shall be absolutely jealous.——

No private negotiations with the charming Colonel, I hope.—

Certainly the ladies needed none, said Mr. Hallifax, to see him with your ladyship, was sufficient to inform them he was your captive.——

I protest I should have no objection to a plantation, returned she, laughing, provided all my slaves were like him ;—he is so gentle, so graceful, so sprightly ;— and then he says such a profusion of

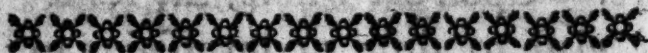
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civil things, with an air of so much sincerity, as hei ! ho ! makes his conversation irresistibly enchanting. —

Mr. Hallifax received lady Lucy's lively praises of the Colonel with so much unconcern, and entered into her strain of raillery with so much vivacity, that she began to stagger in her opinion, and doubted whether her conquest had not been merely ideal. —

The bare shadow of this misfortune, if it did not entirely cloud her wit, threw over it a faint shadow, which a good deal obscured

obscured the brilliancy of its lustre.—Upon the whole, she seemed glad to drop a conversation to which she now began to find herself unequal.—



C H A P. XXVII.

Romantic ladies keep a fearful rout,
To send a suitor to the right about,
Left the fool hang or drown if she proves
cruel,
Or slay poor rival in a bloody duel ;
Let such their pattern from a novice take,
We write it purely for example's sake.

MR. Clifford, we have before hinted, had regarded Miss Stanley's fortune as a prize worthy his ambition.—He foresaw, from the charms of that, together with those of her person, a multiplicity of admirers as soon as she should enter the *beau monde*:—Consequently a multiplicity of obstacles

stacles for him to surmount;—
 on which accounts he resolved
 to be the first in his application.
 Chance, that very afternoon, threw
 an opportunity in his way, not al-
 together so favourable to his wishes,
 as seasonable to his intentions.—

Mrs. Stanley having a few days
 before received a letter from Mrs.
 Berkley, gave her keys to Emily,
 desiring she would step for it to
 such a drawer in her cabinet,
 as she wanted to shew it to Sir
 Thomas and lady Stanley.—

In that very drawer to which
 Emily was directed, her eye was
 unexpectedly struck with the
 most pleasing object it could pos-
 sibly

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sibly be entertained with; no other than the picture which had been so unaccountably given to, so immediately snatched from her possession.— Ah! my God, cried she, why art thou conveyed hither, to remind me of him whom, without a crime, I cannot, dare not, remember? — At these words a conscious crimson over-spread her cheek, as though the whole world had been witnesses to them. — So timid is true delicacy, so tenacious of its rites, that it watches the approach of the least derogating sentiment, is continually on its guard, and will not permit, with impunity, the most distant infringement of its laws. —

Giv-

Giving a last look to the admired portrait, again she returned it, locked the cabinet, and was going back to the company, when she found Mr. Clifford in an outward apartment. —

He had observed her going out, — followed, — waited her return, — and now very warmly solicited for the honour of a few minutes audience. —

Had she really known his intentions, and felt the greatest repugnance to such an interview, — the laws of good manners would have obliged her to comply with his request. — But
far

far from surmising on what occasion it was made, she said, she would only execute her mother's orders, and wait on him immediately.—

Accordingly, having delivered the letter and keys to Mrs. Stanley, she returned, desiring to know his commands.— This she said with a smile so sweetly condescending, that, mistaking it for a partiality in his favour, he snatched her hand and pressed it eagerly to his lips.—

The fair face of an April sun, — which is liable to continual changes, was never more suddenly overclouded than was Miss Stanley.

Stanley's at this unexpected freedom.——

Where the language of the soul is strongly impressed on the countenance, words are superfluous.—Mr. Clifford could read his offence in her averted eye and the indignant glow of resentment that flushed on her cheek.—This rebuke, though silent, was unanswerable, and awed him at once into that respectful distance which a moment before he seemed to have forgot.—After recollecting himself an instant, he assumed enough of his former courage, though accompanied with more respect, to make her a formal
tandre

tandré of his person, heart and fortune.—

Greatly astonished, she could make no immediate reply, which by the lovers dictionary construing to his own advantage, he began with less ceremony to talk of his family, connexions and estate, requesting he might acquaint Mrs. Stanley with the latter for her approbation.—

Hold, sir, interrupted Emily, with an air of dignity not to be resisted, if a silence, occasioned by surprise, emboldens you to this declaration, it is time you should be undeceived, and myself relieved from

from a conversation highly disagreeable.—I doubt not the greatness of your extraction, connexions or fortune, yet own, I have no ambition for an interest in either.—Pray, sir, spare yourself the trouble of consulting my mother.—She will not compel me to receive an honour, to which, I must confess, I am perfectly disinclined.—

Without waiting a reply, she dropped him a distant courtesy, and left him, half frantic at his disappointment,—for the first time he found himself abashed, and in a situation, not unlike that of a famous recorder in the reign of Charles the second.

Here

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Here, reader, permit us to tell thee a short story.—

This same recorder going to meet and compliment the facetious monarch on his entrance into a celebrated university, approached the coach side, with a speech ready on the very tip of his tongue for utterance; but alas! struck with the sight of royalty, he could only remember, what for the sake of veracity he ought not to have asserted, pronouncing with great solemnity, —May it please your Majesty, I am not ignorant.——Three times did he repeatedly aver he was not ignorant, to which address he received this most gracious answer,—

That

That is good, Mr. Recorder, in your own private opinion.—

Like this unfortunate magistrate, Clifford had formed a bombastic speech for the digestion of Miss Stanley, and like him, awed by majesty, though of a different nature, it was all forgot, or set aside for another occasion.—

CHAP.

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C H A P. XXVIII.

Flirtation is a shoeing horn,
The shoeing horn of love ;
Which draws th' half-conquer'd captive on,
As one would draw a glove.

MR. Clifford after taking a dozen turns about the room, foaming with anger, raving at the pride of women, and cursing the whole sex, followed miss Stanley to the company, and immediately took his leave, pretending a sudden slight indisposition.

Miss Clifford rising, shewed some inclination of retiring with her brother ; but one persuasive word

word from the lips of Mr. Hallifax, sent her back to her seat with that buckram air, which it was not in the power even of love itself to relax.

And now sir Thomas looking at his watch, declared it high time that they should repair to the Haymarket; — In deference to which opinion the ladies cloaks were produced — their chairs ordered — and in a few minutes they were sat down at the opera house.

It happened to be the second evening in which the town had been charmed with the appearance of a celebrated performer. — Never was seen a more crouded
or

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or more brilliant audience, which together with the musick, scenery, and lights, produced in the minds of our heroines a sudden pleasing surprise.——A surprise not like what generally arises from ignorance of these places, but rather proceeding from extensive capacities, and competent judgments, which enabled them to receive at one view, all its beauties;——and without confusing their ideas, heightened the sensibility of every pretty feature to the most dazzling magnitude.

The performance was just begun, when, behold, in the box behind that in which was lady Lucy and miss Orey, colonel Stanhope

Stanhope made his appearance.—
No sooner were his lovely neighbours espied by him, than he waited impatiently for the conclusion of the first act to pay them his compliments.

Having saluted the ladies with his accustomed gallantry, he turn'd to Mr. Hallifax, and said with an air of great pleasantry, ah! Charles, why must I call you a monopolizer? — why not admit a friend to a share of your glory? — Much rather would I have been indebted to you, than to accident, for my present happiness.

Mr. Hallifax's reply neither pleasingly confirmed, nor dread-

fully alarmed lady Lucy. — For tho' he answered him with great politeness, it was with an air of restraint, not altogether consistent with unbounded confidence. —

The more she engaged the Colonel, the more her spirits revived, and before the opera was concluded, her ladyship was once more in full possession of the fugitive hope which seemed quite to have deserted her at Mrs. Stanley's. — Determined to take revenge on the author of that momentary, yet excruciating pain she had there felt, when Mr. Hallifax addressed her, instead of replying, she would turn to the Colonel, and ask him some trifling question: — Or when she saw him piqued at her

her indifference, would, with a gaiety still more severe, tease him with her raillery.—

Not having sufficiently mortified him during the interludes, as soon as the dance was concluded, to compleat his chagrin, she gave her hand to the Colonel.—Every thing concurred, that night, to assist her cruel intention.—Sir Thomas Stanley, greatly honouring our son of Mars, gave him so many cordial invitations to be more frequent in his visits, that even in the presence and hearing of Mr. Hallifax, he promised to breakfast with them the very next morning, with which promise the company separated.—

When lady Edmonton and her party returned home, they found Mr. Clifford impatiently waiting for his sister to accompany him post to Scotland, an express being just arrived from an aunt of theirs, who lived on the other side the Tweed, and on whom they had great dependence.

These two worthy people taking leave very hastily, sat out in hopes to close her eyes, and take possession of her fortune.——

Mr. Hallifax, too generous to impose on his brother, and too honest to offer his hand to one lady,

lady, whilst his heart was in possession of another, determined to reveal its situation.—He could not behold miss Stanley without admiration, but his affections were too far engaged for him to retract.—He flattered himself that sir James would not only readily relinquish a former scheme, which so essentially clashed with his felicity, but also generously contribute to further it, with the object of his wishes.—

Thus did he judge of sir James, according to the noble equity, and unbounded benevolence, of his own soul.—On the other hand, sir James's passionate fondness

I 3 hourly

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hourly increased, for his illegitimate offspring, with whom he had very frequently the most endearing interviews, and who still continued to pass for the son of Delany.—

His whole delight centered in him, and indeed he was exquisitely deserving the tenderness of a better father.—

The next year, sir James intended he should begin his travels, having already past the public schools with reputation and applause.—

He regarded Mr. Hallifax as an incumbrance on his son's fortune, whom

whom he was determined, in defiance of shame and custom, to own as soon as he came from abroad.——

Having narrowly watched whether his brother was assiduous to gain the good graces of miss Stanley, in a few days he observed, what the other had taken no pains to conceal.——

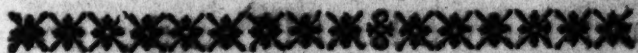
Sorely disappointed, he resolved to tax him roundly with his breach of promise.—

With these intentions, differing widely as north and south,—beauty and deformity,—vice and vir-

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tue, our two brothers soon after entered into parley; — one determined on entreaties and persuasions; — the other on threats and assumed authority.

CHAP.



C H A P. XXVIII.

The ladies diary causes much debate :
Belles, lay aside for that, affairs of state ;
Nay, oft we've seen a bean perplex his brain,
The riddles first to read and next explain :
In this same chapter we a cause conceal,
Come, brighter genius, and that cause reveal.

MR. Hallifax experienced a behaviour from sir James foreign to his expectations. He was heated with contempt, nay, even threatned, in case he refused to comply with his former engagement.—The recollection of supposed obligations could hardly restrain his indignation, and words at length rose so high that he

I 5 would

would certainly have left the house, and thrown himself on the protection of fortune, if lady Edmon-ton, who really esteemed him for his intrinsic merit, had not entered, hearing from her closet all that passed.

Sir James frowned at her ladyship's interruption, but forgetting even the cornish scheme, in the dread of losing the agreeable company of Mr. Hallifax; she stepped to him, took his hand with great condescension, and insisted that he should not leave them, but suffer her to effect a reconciliation.

At this instant sir James was informed, that a messenger in great
haste

haste, and under eminent concern desired to speak with him in private, at which he changed countenance, and went out without speaking a word, either to his lady or brother.—Soon after, to their inexpressible astonishment, they saw him from the window, step into the chaise, followed by another gentleman, and in a moment they were out of sight, driving with incredible swiftness.—Lady Edmon-
ton rung,—a servant entered;—She asked if he knew with whom or whither his master was gone.—Not able to gain the least intelligence, she dispatched him to the other domesticks, amongst whom her enquiries were still fruitless.—However amazing this circum-

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stance appeared, her ladyship's spirits were not greatly dejected, for as long as she could enjoy dear liberty, it was a matter of little concern in what manner sir James employed himself.

Having prevailed on Mr. Hallifax to continue with her till his brother's return, she consented he should then resume his former resolution, in case matters between them could not be amicably adjusted.

After this period, a full week elapsed, without any tidings of sir James; in which time, lady Lucy was scarce an hour from her fair friends, they being either at
sir

for Thomas's or she at Mrs. Stanley's.

Colonel Stanhope was likewise become a visitor in the latter family, to which he was introduced by Sir Thomas. — It happened they were all one evening assembled, when Mr. Hallifax and Lady Edmonton joined them. — Lady Lucy saw, or fancied she saw, a dejection on the countenance of the former, and not having heard of his quarrel with Sir James, thought it could only proceed from her seeming preference of the colonel. — A sentiment of pity, derived from a still tender feeling, cast a sympathetic melancholy over her face. — Shadows subsist no longer

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longer than they are fed by substance.—Mr. Hallifax began to re-assume his vivacity;—lady Lucy's consequently returned, with this difference, that it was directed with more caution than usual towards a certain object.

The colonel, not only master of true wit, but also true discernment, penetrated the sentiments of her heart, nor passed over unobserved the changes it had just produced.—He knew the worth of Mr. Hallifax,—He had a true esteem for lady Lucy, and could not behold her dancing on the brink of a precipice without aiding her recovery.

His

His friend's affection for her was but half concealed ;—he saw it,—and saw likewise how dangerous it would be, should she continue to play away her own and his happiness.—

Satisfied that she began to discover the path, into which her gaiety was blindly conducting her, he thought the best method to lead her from it effectually, would be to take the bandage from her eyes, shew all its difficulties at once, and convince her how hard it was to retract from the road on which she had so inadvertently entered.—

CHAP.



C H A P. XXIX.

What generosity! what sense!
 To shew our lovely, lively dame,
 To shew her, at his own expence,
 The sands that swallow female fame.

FROM the generous design related in the conclusion of our last chapter, colonel Stanhope redoubled his complaisance to lady Lucy.—

The more reserved her ladyship appeared, the more he presumed on her former indulgence.—Such a rhapsody of compliments did he utter, as put her almost out of patience

patience both with herself and him.——Never was any mortal more embarrassed.——She began to regard him as her worst enemy, — answered peevishly, — could hardly restrain her tears, — and at length, under pretence of saying something to miss Stanley, left that chair in which she was sitting, and took another, the furthest from her tormentor.——

Thither he followed, put on the most passionate air, and upbraided her cruelty with such sprightly sallies, as forced a smile, notwithstanding her extreme uneasiness.——

Counter-

Counterfeiting the height of rapture at this symptom, as he called it, of returning favour, the following short air he sung extempore, accompanied by looks and gestures so well adapted, as caused a sudden alteration on the countenance of Mr. Hallifax, and almost reduced her Ladyship to despair, whilst those who were not immediately concerned in the farce, enjoyed and were greatly delighted with its humour.

S O N G.

The flow'rs contract their leaves,
And shrink from chilling cold,
But when the sun invites,
Their lively charms unfold.

So

So is it with my love,
A frown doth cause dismay,
A smile, or civil word,
My torments overpay.

Lady Lucy finding she was foiled at her own weapons, repented her having used them, whilst her antagonist plumed himself on the success of his friendly artifice; for though her ladyship, to avoid being taken notice of, preserved something of her former gaiety, it was of a complexion so different, as made the cheat more visible.—

Mr. Hallifax, for it is in vain longer to conceal his passion for lady Lucy, saw the colonel's particularity became extremely miserable,

ferable,—nor could he hide his uneasiness.——

Cards were produced,—Colonel Stanhope declared himself no sacrificer to the motled deities,—excused himself from play, and took his post behind lady Lucy's chair.

It was now his turn to be neglected, whilst she strove with the sweetest affability to chase away the gloom that overclouded the face of her chevalier.——Every little civility he offered was received with condescension, — and when she spoke to him it was with a smile perfectly enchanting.——

The

The cards were hers,—she took them in her hand to shuffle,—in shuffling, let one drop.—Both gentlemen at the same instant stooping to take it up from the ground, by accident their heads were brought nearer each other, than some heroes have thought altogether consistent with their dignity.

Mr. Hallifax, far from intending the severe blow with which he saluted our warrior, offered a genteel apology, which seemed to be received with equal politeness.—

The

The colonel soon after took his leave, whispering to Mr. Hallifax, that he should expect to meet him at the King's-Arms as soon as his visit was ended.

The person to whom these words were addressed, considering all circumstances, regarded them as a challenge of honour.—Accordingly, about nine, he went to the place appointed, fully persuaded the Colonel's resentment proceeded from lady Lucy's change of humour, rather than the blow which he had accidentally given him.

Now if there are any delicate heroes, or hardy amazons, intrepid

pid enough to witness this combat, let them with us repair to the King's-Arms tavern, whither our duty calls us.

END of VOL. II.

London, April 7, 1766.

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